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That They May Be One.

Let party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ, their Head.

Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found—
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of endless pleasure flow,
And every heart is love.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME, 1769.

At Bremen, Ohio.

James Russell Lowell says somewhere that the whole secret of being a good writer is in knowing what to leave in the ink-bottle. So, according to the same rule, we may conclude that the secret of being a good editor lies in knowing what to leave in the waste basket. Then to pass judgment as to whether one is a good editor or not, we ought to take a peep into the waste basket, as well as read the paper.

I remember at one time taking a peep into the waste basket, and I got into trouble over it. With a commendable desire to enlighten the public concerning the nature of the rejected articles, I brought some to light with a few appropriate comments. Although I studiously avoided any allusion to the authors, yet, lo and behold! the mail brought me some very severe letters from our worthy brethren, calling me to account for my remarks about *their* articles. The funny part about it was, it was not their articles at all.

But excuse me, brother editor, this has nothing to do with my trip to Hocking County.

Well, on Wednesday night, the 7th inst., I started for my destination, and arrived at Bremen about noon on Thursday, and was soon in the family circle of Bro. Eli Hufford.

Bro. Hufford has been very much afflicted with cancer. It required no less than three trips to a specialist in Cincinnati, and as many painful operations, before he got rid of the trouble. Apparently he is now as free from cancer as he ever was in his life.

We are glad to see Bro. Eli getting back to his old channel of church work, and resuming his usual place in the congregation, from which he has been so long absent through his affliction.

The road from Bremen to Mt. Zion was very long and muddy. The exact distance I do not know, but I expect it all depends on the weather. When it is dark and muddy it seems about fifteen miles, but in nice, dry weather it may not be more than five.

We found a fair congregation of good soldiers waiting us. For none but good soldiers can muster up enough courage to face the rain and the mud and the hills and the darkness. Indeed these narrow roads running along Rush Creek with steep banks close up to the road is rather dangerous in the dark. That some old people will stay away at such is excusable by all means.

On Friday morning we held services for the benefit of those who could not attend in the evening. The congregation was small but enjoyable.

We made our home with Bro. Augustine Palmer most of the time. This is the father of our young preacher, J. H. Palmer.

Our young brother, Jno. A. Miller, now attending College, filled an appointment at this place for me while I was holding meetings at the College. He seems to have pleased them here so well that they are making an effort to secure his services for the coming year.

It is quite a picturesque sight to see the congregation disperse here after services. Each family carries a lantern. Which way you look, you see the lanterns bobbing up and down, as the people travel through the uneven country, looking like so many will o' the wisps.

On Saturday afternoon a business meeting was held. Amongst the business transacted was the election of an elder, and the granting of a letter to Bro. J. H. Worst.

The Methodists intended to dedicate a new church in the vicinity on Sunday, so, not to interfere and to show them Christian courtesy, we did not intend to have any service that day. This was nothing but right, for when the Brethren dedicated their house three years ago, the other denominations all gave way and came to the dedication. The Brethren ought not to allow any body of people to outdo them in Christian charity and courtesy.

So on account of this I had made up my mind to come home after the Saturday evening services, and spend one Sunday at home. But on account of the rain, etc., the dedication was postponed, and we gave out appointments for Sunday. Instead of coming to Ashland, I went with Bro. Jno. Kistler to his home.

And such a ride that was! It would be impossible to give a proper account of that trip through the dark. We divided the responsibility and labor among us the best we could. I held the lines, Bro. John held the lantern and the horse did the pulling. We two just filled the seat. I am the smaller by 40 lbs. Avoirdupois. And I had to keep my wheels away up the bank to make the seat level and keep out of danger.

It took us about two hours to go home—about five miles. It almost made one shudder the next morning when we saw the dangerous places which we had passed in the darkness. However, we enjoyed the ride on account of its novelty. It was a journey of faith to me. I could not see, nor did not know where I was going, but I had perfect confidence in the horse and Bro. John.

When daylight permitted us to see our surroundings, we found our stopping place snugly nestled amongst a cluster of hills, which were really picturesque in their ruggedness. A sharp, suspicious dog we saw in the yard, and a few hints our host dropped, together with the coonish aspect of the country, led me to the conclusion that Bro. John indulged in an occasional hunt.

Bro. Kistler is one of the willing horses, and of course, according to the universal rule, he is often whipped. And he takes the whipping in a commendable Christian spirit.

One week previous to our visit, his youngest girl received a terrific blow while playing at school. It seems she was running by a boy, who was about to strike at a ball with his bat; neither saw the other, and the poor girl received the full force of the blow. She is getting along well, and is able to get around again.

This is the only family I ever met, where, at the morning devotions, all the family, young and old, repeated the Lord's prayer in concert.

The regular quarterly business meeting will be on Saturday, Jan. 14, to meet at 10 a. m. We hope that every one who knows of it will inform the others and urge them to come. Let all be there punctual.

Would it not be a good idea to bring our dinners and have a basket meeting, and thus make out the day, and have a general, good, social time? Probably a little more of social intercourse would increase our spiritual health.

Bro. Hendricks is a minister in this congregation. He had preached for the Baptist church for many years, before he united with us. He is a very intelligent, plain-spoken, matter-of-fact kind of a man. He informed me he was open for an engagement anywhere in the brotherhood. We hope he will be able to find a congregation that will need his services.

We were told that Rev. Dillon of the U. B. Church, the old antagonist of Bro. Bashor in the Louisville debate, was preaching here. Before dismissing he announced that he "had a few books with him, containing a report of the debate that he had with that Dunkard preacher."

This is another of the mysterious, inexplainable peculiarities of the human race. Here is a time where both sides claim a victory. The United Brethren and ourselves are circulating the reports of this debate for the purpose of proving the other side is the weaker. The mysterious part of it is that each side believes strongly that it had the better of the argument. So each side is selling the book to strengthen its views. It almost compels a man to think that our judgment depends very much on what kind of spectacles we have on.

Responses to the request for the "three best arguments in favor of trine immersion" are coming in very slowly. We would like to hear from some of the old standard bearers of the church. Some of our brethren may think, because of my criticisms in last issue, that I am weak on my belief in Trine Immersion. If so, I here want it to be known that I am a firm believer in Trine Immersion, and consider the preponderence of evidence to be greatly in its favor.

I have my "three best arguments" ready, and will send them in as soon as some of the older ones have been heard from. This must be part of the schooling I received in the old church, when we were taught to give the "old brethren" the pecedence. You remember brethren, how we used to do. We would meekly use our privilege to criticize those who did not agree with us, even if they were older than ourselves.

Bro. Daniel Miller, in last number, has touched upon a vital issue, which it would do well to ponder over.

Bro. Garber's allusion in his "valedictory," to the little help I had given him was entirely unlooked for, and I am very grateful for his good opinion; and I do not think it would be gentlemanly to pass them by unnoticed; therefore will merely make my bow of acknowledgement.

EDWARD MASON.

Montevideo, Va.

The Rockingham charge have had no additions to report quite recently, but we are getting along as well as could be expected owing to the circumstances we have been placed in for the last few months. We have had the storm of trials to blow over us with such ferocity that we have been almost shaken from center to circumference, owing to the death of our pastor (Eld. Joseph Bowman) whose death has been reported heretofore through the columns of the EVANGELIST. It was a shock to us indeed when he was called from time to eternity. He is not only missed by the family, but he is missed greatly in his immediate neighborhood and he is a great loss to the church and especially to this charge. Not only was he a tender and loving father, but was a good shepherd to those who were under his care. I do not believe that he left a stone unturned for the comfort and peace in his family so far as was in his power, and his Christian life and ministerial career was led by his best endeavors. He would fill his appointments rain or shine, hot or cold, and to three points where he preached regularly was no short distance. I don't believe he ever swerved from duty when it was possible for him to perform that which was enjoined upon him. His motto was not his will but the Lord's will be done. The family have the sympathies of the church and all who knew him. I am not surprised that they still deeply mourn their loss for they have lost somebody.

I have a regular appointment near there and brother James Bagoon and his wife and myself went over to sister Bowman's, Nov. 5th, 1887, and spent the night there. We enjoyed our short stay very much, such kindness and hospitality as we received while there surely came from a Christian heart. And when we looked around the old homestead we could see that every thing was in its proper place and things were so well arranged in his temporal affairs that there was nothing lacking in making home pleasant, and I am fully persuaded in my mind that his spiritual arrangements were all right.

Next day I preached to a very fair audience, and that evening we bade our good sister good-by with the expectation of going back to see her again, sometime in the near future. A good portion of my congregation at that point are conservatives who are kind and generous to me, and I believe them to be good Christain Brethren and sisters. They favor me with their presence at our meetings and when I meet such brethren as these who are honest in their convictions, I can extend to them the right hand of fellowship and bid them God speed. I am made to rejoice when we can meet together and worship the God of our salvation.

Though I am young in the ministry, but my church called me as pastor of the Rockingham charge, I am resolved, by the help of God and the prayers of the faithful, to use my best endeavors in the upbuilding of the cause of Christ. All the appointments are regularly filled by myself and my helpers, Rev. J. B. Raishe and Rev. Peter Hartman. We have four regular points at which we have preaching once a month at each point.

On the night of Dec. 3, 1887, I preached at a point where I had never preached at before, near Bro. W. H. Fadley's, to a full house. Bro. James Bagoon and myself remained over night at Bro. Fadley's, and had a pleasant time with his good family, his wife is a Conservative, and good Christian lady. We ask an interest in the prayers of the faithful that the cause in this section may not retrograde owing to our great loss. But that we should continue to work that we may meet him in the world to come.

J. F. KOONTZ.

Dec. 6, 1887.

Nickerson, Kansas.

Dec. 12.—Our meetings here are still in progress. The chariot of gospel truth is still gloriously rolling on since our last. Six more have come out for the right, making thirteen up to date. The end is not yet. Truly, in this vicinity, "There is joy today." The flutter of angel wings is heard, as they carry the glad news on high that prodigals are returning, redeemed souls are breathing in the joy of triumph.

W. J. H. BAUMAN.

It is reported that the people in the Bavispe district of Mexico, which has been shaken by earthquakes, are wild with terror and destitute of food and clothing, and unless aid is speedily furnished all will perish.

A Roman Catholic Congress will be held in London next summer to devise means for the diffusion of Catholic literature among the laity.